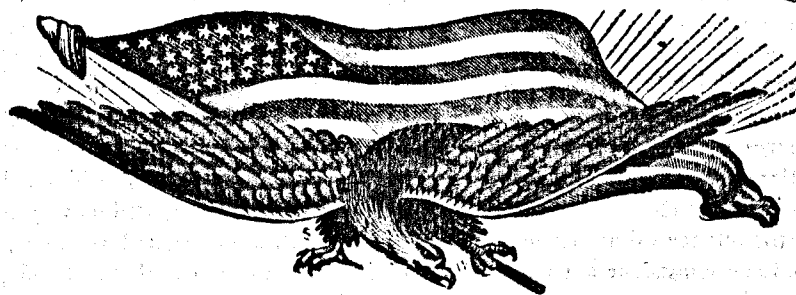


NATIONAL DEAF MUTE GAZETTE.



A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR ALL.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS, OCTOBER, 1868.

Whole No. 22.

THE

National Deaf Mute Gazette

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by PACKARD & HOLMES, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Mass.]

PHILO W. PACKARD, Editor and Proprietor,

(SUCCESSOR TO PACKARD AND HOLMES.)

Office, — No. 50 Bromfield Street,

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Write Post Office Address, State, County and Town plainly, and in case of removal, let us know as soon as possible. In letting us know of removal, give both former and present residence. All communications, correspondence or articles for publication should be sent to Philo W. Packard.

Subscriptions should, in all cases, be sent to Philo W. Packard, Boston, Mass.

Authorized Agents—Charles O'Brien, Philadelphia, Penn.; Wm. Acheson, of Boston, Mass., travelling agent; P. P. Pratt, Columbus, Ohio; Wm. M. French, Indianapolis, Indiana; Thomas L. Brown, Flint, Michigan; Geo. W. Downing, 309 Regent St., London W—for British Islands and Ireland; Thomas Widd for Canada. We shall soon appoint other agents indifferent parts of the country.

ANATOLE.

Chap. XII.

Just before taking his leave, M. d'Emerange exclaimed "How careless! I have forgotten to tell you the news which is at this moment absorbing all Paris! the arrival of that famous philosopher who professes to have the power to read the character in the countenance!"

"What! Lavater is here?" cried Madame de Nangis, "How I long to see him! I am bewitched with his system and am already somewhat versed in it. However, I know only the outlines, its details seem to me too uncertain, but as to aquiline noses and crooked chins I should seldom be deceived."

"You may trust to such knowledge," replied the Chevalier, "I too

have undertaken the study of physiognomy and have received no other fruit from my investigations than the wrong of imputing to my friends more faults than I already knew."

"That is because you have been badly instructed; moreover it is a science that many do not care to credit. I, who take no pains to conceal my faults, should be charmed to be as well acquainted with those of others."

"I believe" said Valentine "that there is nothing gained by the discovery and I am almost inclined to pity this poor M. Lavater for not having the pleasures of illusion."

"He must be very interesting in conversation," said the comtesse, "he will be greatly sought after, but I hope to be one of the first to see him."

"It will not be an easy thing" replied the chevalier, "for he is said to be very savage."

"That is right," said the commandeur, "a man who has everybody's secret, should be reserved."

"But he probably has friends," replied the comtesse, "one must meet him somewhere."

"I think that will not be at court," said M. de St. Albert, laughing, "but if, ladies, you are so curious to meet him, I believe I can offer you an opportunity."

"Ah? M. le Commandeur," cried Madame de Nangis, "if you will do me such a service, I promise to complain no more of your sarcasms."

"No, indeed, I should be much vexed that the pleasure of obliging you led to that result. I like repartee, and yours are too piquant to be sacrificed. So it is without condition that I propose to you to do me the honor of dining with me on Saturday. Lavater has this morning promised to give me that day. We intended to devote it to the pleasure of recalling the hours we have passed together in his hermitage in Switzerland."

Madame de Saverny accepted with much pleasure the invitation of the commandeur. A secret hope of thus meeting this Anatole, whose remembrance was often in her thoughts, reanimated her spirits. She redoubled her attentions to the commandeur and never had her desire to please him been more visibly displayed. M. de St. Albert, not presuming to appropriate his honor to himself, suspected her of another motive and said in a low voice to Valentine.

"You will not ask me to invite the chevalier and yet you are dying

for it. But one must never hope for frankness on the part of a well bred woman."

At these words Valentine felt herself flush with impatience, and she was about to reply in a manner to undeceive the commandeur, when the chevalier came to ascertain her intentions for the next day. M. de St. Albert profited by the opportunity to fulfil what he termed the wish of Madame de Saverny, and the gratitude exhibited by M. d' Emerange confirmed him in the opinion that a part of his conjectures, at least, had been well founded.

On the appointed day the party assembled at the house of the commandeur. Madame de Nangis was astonished at the cordiality and warmth of her reception. She was not aware of the great respect of M. de St. Albert for the duties of hospitality, and she could not conceive how this man so cold and abrupt elsewhere, could become in his own house so amiable and agreeable toward all his guests. From an early prejudice of education the commandeur was persuaded that we should always be grateful to those whom we receive, for it is seldom that one does not make a sacrifice in leaving one's own house even to be entertained in that of another. Moreover he maintained that the fact of receiving people being always an acknowledgment of a sentiment of esteem toward them, they have the right to be wounded by neglect, or to be offended by impoliteness.

Upon entering the saloon Valentine was much agitated. Her first glance had not dared to rest upon any individual and it was a long time before she could assure herself that her hope was vain. The company was not numerous.

Madame de Rethel, the niece of M. de St. Albert, performed the duties of hostess. She appeared much occupied with attentions to Valentine, showing for her the most flattering preference. The chevalier, whom the agitation of Valentine had not escaped felt a gratification of vanity which betrayed itself in all his conversation. He hastened to join her enquiring.

"Which of all these countenances think you, reveals the ingenious mind of Lavater?"

"I would," replied she, at the same time designating some one, "that this face the expression of which is so elevated and so calm, were that of a philosopher;"—

"And Heaven who wills all that you wish, has given that beautiful face to Lavater."

"Ah! I am most happy to have discovered it," replied Valentine, "and if I dared I would boast to him of this proof of the truth of his system."

Just then the commandeur came to conduct the ladies to the table. By request of Madame de Nangis, Lavater was seated near her, but her curiosity gained nothing thereby. In vain did she endeavor to introduce subjects of conversation which she imagined would interest him; in vain she manifested by her attentions, her desire to hear him converse; he preserved a profound silence. The comtesse concluded that he was *per dedain philosophique*, and her enthusiasm for Lavater was at once changed to indignation against him.

"You know very well," said she to the commandeur, "that your wise friend is only a bore. He considers us unworthy his words or unable to comprehend them."

"It may be possible" replied M. de St. Albert, "that with all your wit you may not be able to comprehend him."

"So much for that masculine pride," replied the comtesse, "which according *beaucoup d'esprit* to women believes them incapable appreciating the merit of a superior man. To hear you one would imagine that God, having made you in His image, we ought also to adore without comprehending you."

"Why not? we give you often enough the example of such worship."

"That does not excuse your disdain and the trouble which you take to persuade us that nature has reduced our minds to the happiness of amusing without being able ever to attain to the honor of imitating you, even in the least of your productions."

"Ah! that would be too unjust," replied the commandeur aloud, "and these gentlemen are my witnesses that only yesterday I extolled the works of several women, especially the verse of Madame de B—. It is not my fault if these ladies have not composed tragedies, I would praise them as sincerely."

"That is not so sure," said the comtesse.

"And I answer for it," said the chevalier. "The literary success of women can be disputed only by mediocre men. It is rivalry which renders them unjust, and yet more, the consciousness of inferiority. How do you suppose that a stupid pedant can pardon it in Madame de La Fayette that she occupies a place in all libraries while the miserable little volumes which he brings forth with so much pain expire at their birth? It appertains only to people of true merit to be able to appreciate talent wherever found and I may well affirm that Racine would not depreciate the verse of Madame Deshoulieres, notwithstanding her injustice toward him."

The subject so often combatted was now discussed. The chevalier pleaded the cause of woman like a French chevalier, and was much surprised at being obliged to approve Mad. de Saverny, whose opinion was that the most distinguished talents and the success resulting from them could not recompense a woman for the misfortune of celebrity.

Madame de Nangis insisted upon ascertaining the opinion of Lavater upon this reflection of Valentine and the commandeur was obliged to acknowledge to her that although Lavater perfectly understood French, he replied only in German. "That is why," added he, "that I presumed to tell you that you may not understand him."

This avowal restored to the comtesse all her good will for Lavater. She begged the commandeur to serve as interpreter, and the conversation commenced as she desired. She was much gratified with the indulgence of the philosopher for those whom he called "*ses cheres pecheresses*," but she was often interrupted by the attention with which he regarded Valentine. Indeed nothing could distract him from the pleasure which he took in contemplating the effect of that beautiful countenance. His eyes were fixed upon it as upon a book whose every page increases in interest. In regarding he exclaimed, "The expression of a pure soul upon enchanting features has all the charm of a celestial harmony!"

Toward the close of dinner M. de St. Albert mentioned a billet which he had just received enclosing some verses addressed to Lavater, which were he thought worthy of him.

"From whom?" immediately demanded several. For with many persons the opinion of a work is entirely dependent upon the name of the author. The commandeur replied that the billet was from one of his friends who excused himself from the honor of dining with the ladies, and that the verses were anonymous. A desire was expressed that they should be read and Madame de Rethel was commissioned to read them. The subject was a parallel between Fenelon and Lavater, in which the most exalted ideas were expressed with as much energy as grace. Its praises seemed to be rather the play of an imagination which loved comparison, than the work of the demon of flattery who inspires so many madrigals, and one might perceive in reading the verses, that the author had composed them much more for his own pleasure than to extol the genius of Lavater.

Applause was universal. After hearing, every one desired to read them, and when they came to Madame de Saverny she could not conceal her surprise at recognizing the hand-writing of the letter from Anatole. Her involuntary gesture was remarked by all; they saw that she knew the author's writing, and for the first time she felicitated herself upon her ignorance of his family name, since she could affirm with so much more confidence that she did not know him.

A BROTHER of Dr. Stow, who was at one time Recorder of Rochester, had all the intellectual endowments for which the family was distinguished, while his eccentricities were marked and extraordinary. He was Chief Justice of Wisconsin, and while acting in that capacity the judicial character of the State was greatly elevated by the professional learning and strong sense which is exhibited on the bench. In the course of one of his official tours he visited Neosho, the seat of Bishop Kemper's college, where young men were educated for the Episcopal ministry. Arriving there just before the hour of noon the Bishop invited him to dine. The Judge was a great eater, and a man of epicurean tastes withal, and looking about the establishment, noticed an abundance of prairie chickens and no end of vension. Expecting a fine repast, he sharpened his appetite by several applications to a pocket-flask, and when dinner was served was in a state of ravenous hunger. The practice of the Bishop was to devolve the domestic duties of his household upon the students, a fresh one serving in the capacity of cook daily, there being no female in the house. Of course the game was spoiled in cooking. Judge Stow was compelled to satisfy his appetite as best he could. He ate enormously, but neither vension nor grouse had the slightest distinguishing flavor. On taking leave of his host he inquired of the Bishop whether the young gentleman who prepared the dinner of which they had just partaken was studying for the ministry. On receiving an affirmative reply he said, "I am right glad to hear it, Sir, for evidently he has not genius enough to make a cook!"

The serio-comic ideas that enter the head of Sambo, when exercised on religious matters, causing anxiety perhaps to himself but laughter to the listener, were exemplified in the case of an "uncle" in Chester, South Carolina, who had been to a camp-meeting, and returned greatly troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a downcast look, his master asked him the cause.

"Oh, Massa, I'm such a great sinner!"

"But, Pete, you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins."

"I know de reason, Massa: when you go out duck-shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?"

"Yes, Pete." And the master wondered what was coming next.

"Well, Massa, dat is de way wid you and me: de debbil has got you sure; but, as he's not sure of me, he chases dis chile all de time!"

Nothing is secure from thieves and robbers in Paris. A short time ago several persons were gazing at a toy-shop in the passage Jouffroy, and among them a lady and gentleman with their little girl ten years old. On going away what was their dismay to find that an adroit thief had cut off the child's magnificent crop of golden hair!

Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

CARRY YOUR OWN COALS.—King George III. was one wintry day sitting reading in his library at Kew Palace. As the fire was getting low, he called the page in waiting, and desired him to fetch some coals. The attendant being too proud to obey the king's commands, rang the bell for the footman whose duty it was to perform this office, and who happened to be a man advanced in years. The king's rebuke to this page was characteristic of the right-minded monarch. Desiring the proud page to lead him to the place where the coals were kept, he took up the scuttle, and carrying it himself to the library, throw some of its contents on the fire. Then, handing the coal-scuttle to the attendant, he said, "Never ask an old man to do what you are so much better able to do yourself."

A fresh arrival from England went the other day to a livery stable and expressed a wish for a carriage. The man in attendance asked if he would like to have a buffalo. The Englishman seemed startled, and stammered out, "Well, I think I'd rather 'ave an 'orse."

RIGHT AND LEFT.—Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other what side she would take, the right or left? She answered, promptly: "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

"Waiter, I'll take my hat," said a gentleman at a party, who was about going home. "What kind of a hat did you wear?" "A brand-new hat, that I bought this very morning." "Well, sir," said the waiter, "all the good hats have been gone more than two hours."

BURIED WORTH.—Sir Thomas Overbury says that the man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under-ground.

A young lieutenant, having obtained a furlough after the battle of Antietam, returned home, where his companions gave him a hearty welcome. At a little evening party, given in his honor, a pretty little Miss Buchanan commenced rallying him about his courage, saying, "Do you really mean to tell me that you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?"

"Yes," said he, "or a Buchanan's either."

And he did it.

Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and repining, are idle and profitless employments.

Why is iron sometimes like a band of robbers? Because it is united to steel.

—McGregor, of Mariposa, California, who threw his hat on the ground when Fremont was defeated for the Presidency, and swore he would never wear another till his favorite should be elected President, continues to keep his word. His hair is his only hat.

—If a man sells his watch for fifty dollars, and buys it back for forty dollars, then sells it for fifty-five—how much does he make in the transaction?

—Gossiping and lying go together.

Proceedings of the Eighth Biennial Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes, at Brattleboro', Vermont, August 26-27, 1898.

Reported by William Martin Chamberlain.

(Continued from last September number.)

In the evening the Town Hall was occupied by the mutes and a large number of the ladies and gentlemen of Brattleboro'. The arrangements for the social assembly being incomplete, the programme was changed and Wm. B. Swett of Henniker, N. H., a deaf-mute, and one of the guides at the "Profile House" in the Franconia Mountains, exhibited his model of the "Great Stone Face" made from actual measurement by himself, giving, in signs, some account of his adventures in the mountains. Some of his sketches were thrilling and all were interesting. His signs were translated and interpreted to the hearing by Wm. M. Chamberlain and Prof. Bartlett, and Mr. Swett was frequently applauded.

Prof. Bartlett, assisted by Messrs. Chamberlain and Howe, then gave a few exercises in pantomime, writing words spelled on the fingers without seeing them, writing from facial expression alone, &c., to show the various uses to which the manual alphabet and language of signs might be put, both by mute and hearing.

There was a recess to enable all who chose to examine Mr. Swett's Model, and the settlers were then removed and some time spent in dancing and other amusements. When the party broke up all expressed their sense of having had a good time.

Sociables, Excursions, Incidents, Notabilities, The Service at Church, &c.

Those of the mutes who had arrived at Brattleboro' by Tuesday afternoon, about fifty in number, went over, in teams provided for the purpose by Mr. Miner, to the "Glenwood Ladies' Seminary" at West Brattleboro'.

The ride was only two miles in length, but was a very pleasant one, and enjoyed by all.

The officers and inmates, with the mutes, assembled in the Chapel of the Seminary in the evening. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet gave some explanation of the objects of the Association and Prof. Clerc and Job Turner made addresses in the sign language, interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet. The mutes having given their friends some idea of their way of conversing among themselves and of the object which had brought them together, were next entertained with exercises in gymnastics, dancing, (in which some of the mutes took part) conversation, &c. The gymnastic exercises, which were timed by music, were very graceful and well calculated to strengthen and render supple the muscles and forms of those who took part in them, and we wish their importance in physical training was better and more widely understood and practised.

Glenwood Seminary is beautifully situated, embowered in trees and shrubs, and surrounded by all the facilities needed by the student of nature outside, as well as supplied with all necessary appliances for the training of the intellectual powers.

About half the mutes returned to town late at night and the rest remained till after breakfast next morning. All carried away more or less pleasant memories of the place and its inmates, and the endeavors of those concerned to make the visit pleasant were eminently successful.

Wednesday afternoon, after the business meeting had closed, some thirty or forty mutes of both sexes started to ascend Mount Wantiquett, some three or four miles. Part of them became fatigued when half way up and either sat down to rest and wait for the return from the summit, or started back; some were impatient and went ahead of the guide, who went slowly on account of the ladies, and naturally lost their way. None of these ever reached the summit, but, after wandering about till dusk, found themselves on the bank of the river, and thence easily made their way back to town. Those who kept up with the guide ultimately reached the top and were well rewarded by the splendid prospect which met their eyes.

On the way up, one of the party, a hearing man, and the only one with it, heard the warning note of a rattlesnake and so informed his

companions. A short search discovered his snakeship in dangerous proximity to the path, and he was finally killed by Mr. Wm. O. Fitzgerald of New York. This gentleman's only regret in the matter was, and probably still is, that he did not preserve the rattles of the serpent as a trophy. The snake was about five feet long and quite large.

Eleven ladies (mutes) were among the number who reached the summit. We give their names below:—

Mrs. J. L. Wheeler and Miss Libbie Gilbert of Derby, Conn.; Miss A. A. Pease, of Hartford, Conn.; Miss Lucy A. Cowles, of Westfield, Mass.; Mrs. O. Cox of Boston, Mass.; Miss Maria Bement of South Ashfield, Mass.; the Misses Fisk of Shelburne, Mass.; Mrs. A. T. Read, of Dummerston, Vt.; Miss S. W. Hathaway, of Peterboro, N. H.; and Miss M. A. Ingraham, of Springfield, Mass.

It would be unfair not to mention Mr. John Witschief, of New York, who was one of the party and did much to keep up the spirits of those composing it, by his genial conversation, his ever ready hand and his high spirits. The ladies especially were much indebted to him.

A party of twelve (we think) hired carriages and visited the sulphur Springs at Guilford, returning much pleased with their trip.

On Wednesday evening, at half past seven o'clock, the Association attended Divine Service in the Episcopal Church, Rev. Messrs. Smith, (Rector of the Church) Southgate and Rogers officiating, and Bishop Bissell preaching a most appropriate discourse, and Dr. Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, interpreting for the mutes in their own language of signs.

The evening was oppressively warm, but the church was full, and the somewhat novel sight was presented of two audiences and two speakers in the same place at one and the same time, neither interfering with or disturbing the other.

In the discourse of the Bishop, of which our limits will only permit a brief sketch, he said that he had always felt an interest and sympathy for the deaf and dumb. The longer he lived and the more he learned of the glory and worth of the Gospel, the more solicitude he felt that it should be conveyed to the understanding and hearts of that peculiar class. Christianity requires of its professors unbounded sympathy for the unfortunate of every class. Christianity awakened sympathy for the mute, and this resulted in the final attainment of a medium through which to reach their understandings. What, then, is more appropriate than that the medium should be used more particularly to conduce to their spiritual welfare? Educated mutes, while deaf alike to the "thunder drum of heaven," the organ's solemn notes, which "through long-drawn aisles in mellow cadence float," and to all the varied sounds which appeal to the feelings through the sense of hearing, can yet be reached through sight, and can "speak without a voice" to the great and good Father above. With them "the hand supplies the place of the tongue," and the eye that of the ear.

The best way to educate deaf-mutes is now occupying a large share of the attention of the philanthropists of this and other countries. The system now generally in use has accomplished much, but no one pretends that the art has attained perfection.

The universal law of compensation provides advantages even to the deaf and dumb. Profane or vulgar speech does not afflict them through the ear, and in other minor particulars they are exempt from annoyance. But the great and final compensation for this misfortune is found hereafter, when those who, through grace, shall attain to eternal life, shall find themselves gifted with their heretofore lacking senses in a far greater state of perfection than is possible on earth, and their joy at the acquisition must surely be increased by the fact that the first sound greeting their ears is the song of the redeemed, and the first act of speech is to join therein and help to swell the joyful sound.

Among the notabilities present we noticed Prof. Clerc; Mrs. T. H. Gallaudet; Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes in New York; and Edward M. Gallaudet, President of the National College for deaf-mutes at Washington, D. C. Prof. D. E. Bartlett, of Hartford; Prof. Wm. Willard, of Indianapolis, Indiana; Job Turner, of Staunton, Va.; Thomas Brown, Esq., ex-President of the Association; Messrs. Witschief, Fitzgerald and

Rumrill of the "Empire State Association," and several others whose names have escaped us from want of familiarity with them.

Iowa and other distant states were represented, and although the Convention, as to numbers, was one of the smallest ever held, yet it was also one of the best as regards the enjoyment of the occasion by individual members. The small number present was undoubtedly principally owing to two causes, viz:—First, the change of time of meeting from September to August, and, second the fact that the notice of the meeting was not circulated so extensively as has been the usual custom. We think that both these errors will be remedied in future.

Another thing which may possibly have had something to do with the smallness of the number present is, that Brattleboro', while of itself a pleasant, healthy place, is out of the way and inconvenient of access to most of the mutes, and lacks the attractions which larger places, cities for instance, can hold out to them after the Convention is over.

SAVED BY A MUTE ALPHABET.

"I'll tell you a story how I saved my life once, entirely through having learned the deaf and dumb alphabet.

There were two little boys who used to come and stay with Frank and me, when we were first married, and they could neither hear nor speak.

They were deaf and dumb; they could not talk except with their fingers—so—only ever so much quicker.

Frank and I learned this foreign alphabet on purpose that we might understand what they said. They were quick and clever, they could read and write, aye, and draw and sew, and do many other things which most boys would make but a bad hand at.

They could play at draughts, and at backgammon and chess, and at fox and geese, as well as any boys. They could almost see what we said, though they could not hear, with such quick, eager eyes did they watch every movement of our lips. We soon, however, got to talk as easily as with our tongues, and sometimes when the lads were not with us, Frank and I often talked in that manner, when we were alone, just for practice.

It happened that on one occasion he had to go to London on important business; he was to have gone by the afternoon train but something delayed him so that he was not able to leave before the night express. I was not in very good health, and retired to my bed room about two hours before his departure; he promised, however, to come up and bid me good bye before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning.

The matter which called him away was connected with the bank here, which had been burned down; and my husband, it seems—though I did not know it at the time, so great a secret had he endeavored to keep it, had many thousand pounds belonging to the concern in his temporary possession, locked up in the iron safe in our bedroom where the plate was kept. He was bank manager and responsible for the whole of it.

It was cold weather and there was a fire in the grate, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to leave it and get into bed, but sat up and looked into the fiery coals, and thinking about all sorts of things; upon the long journey that Frank had to take that night, and how dreary the day would be till he returned, and in particular how lonely I should feel in that great room all by myself when he should be away, for I was a dreadful coward.

It was a little after eleven o'clock when I retired; but I did not feel the least inclined to sleep even then.

I knew Frank would be coming in presently to wish me good bye, and besides there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room which my foolish ears used to hear when I was alone at night. If a little soot fell down the chimney, it was, I thought, a great black crow, at least, which would soon be flying all around my pillow; if a mouse squeaked in the wall it was the creaking of some person's shoes, coming up stairs to kill me with a carving knife, and if the wind blew the casements, it was some one trying to get into the room by the window, although it was two stories high.

You may imagine then my horror when I heard a tremendous sneeze within an inch of me just behind the head board of my bed, and between that and the wall, where there was considerable space. I had as usual taken the precaution, before I put the candle out, of looking everywhere in the room, where it was quite possible that any person could be hid; but in the little alcove, into which the bed was pushed I had never thought of looking for anybody. Ever since I slept in that room, in short I had been like the ostrich, that puts its head into the sand, and then imagines itself in perfect security. I had piqued myself on precautionary measures, that after all, might just as well have been omitted.

The only thing, as I believe, which saved my reason from departing altogether when I first heard that terrible sound, was, that my mind clung to the hope that after all, it might be only the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats together could not have made half the disturbance, it is true, for it was a sneeze in spite of himself, and the concussion almost shocked the house, but the idea sustained me over the first shock.

The next instant, and the wretch sneezed again, and pushing aside the bed, which rolled on castors, I felt that he was standing beside my pillow looking at me.

If he had given but the one sneeze, he might perhaps have believed me, as I lay quite still breathing as regularly as I could, and pretending to be asleep.

But he reasoned very justly, that unless I was deaf or dead, I must have been awakened by the sound.

"You are awake, marm," said he in a very gruff voice, "and it's no use your shamming! If you don't want a lap with this life preserver, just look alive."

I opened my eyes exceedingly wide at this, and saw a man with crape over his face, standing by the bed; he had a club with two knobs on it, in his right hand and with his left hand pointed to the safe.

"Is the money there?"

"The plate is," said I, with a tremulous voice.

"Pray take it, sir, I'm sure you are very welcome;" for he might have taken everything valuable in the house, with all my heart, so long as he would leave me alive.

"The money—the gold—the notes—are they there?" he cried again in a whisper.

"It's all there," replied I, though I knew nothing about; "all except fifteen and six-pence in my purse, on the dressing table yonder. There's silver mustard pots, besides, in the pantry, and a couple of candlesticks in my husband's study, only they are plated and I would not deceive you, sir, on any account."

"You had better not," said the burglar grimly, "or it'll be the worse for you."

He immediately produced a key like that my husband used, and approached the safe, but as he did so his guilty ear caught a sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"Who is that?"

"My husband," said I, "but pray don't hurt him."

"Is he not gone to town then?" cried the ruffian with an oath of disappointment.

"He's going at twelve," replied I, "he is indeed."

"If you tell him, woman," said the burglar hoarsely, "if you breathe but one word of my presence here, it will be the death doom of you both."

He had slipped into the alcove and drawn the bed back to its place in an instant.

My husband entered himself immediately afterwards, and even while he was in the room I heard the awful threat repeated again through the thick curtain behind me.

"If you but whisper it, woman, I will kill you where you lie. Promise not to tell him."

"I will," said I, solemnly, "I promise not to open my lips at all about the matter."

Frank leaned over the pillow to kiss me, and observing how terrified I looked said:

"You have been frightening yourself about robbers again, I suppose, you silly child."

"Not I, Frank," returned I as cheerfully as I could. "I have a little headache;" but said with my fingers, so that he could plainly read in the firelight. "For God's sake be quiet? But there is certainly a man behind the head-board."

Frank was as bold as a lion, and had nerves like iron, although he was so tender hearted and kind. He only answered:

"Where is your *sal volatile*, dearest?"

He went to the mantle piece to get it. I thought he never could have understood me, he spoke with such coolness and unconcern, until I saw his fingers reply as he took up the bottle. "All right, don't be afraid."

And then I was not afraid, or at least not much; for I knew I should not be left alone for one instant, and I thought that my Frank was a match for any two such men in such a case; only he had no weapon.

"He has a life preserver," said I, with my fingers.

"Your fire is getting rather low now, Georgy," observed he as he took up the poker (ah, he had a weapon then). "I must leave you a good blaze before I go."

He fixed the fire and left the poker in, but without taking eyes off me or the headboard.

I'll just ring the bell and see whether Thomas has got the port-manteau ready."

"Mary," continued he to the maid that came to the door, "send Thomas up."

Then when she had gone on the errand.

"By Jove! I never gave him that key. Where is it, Georgy? I have not a moment to lose. If it is in your dressing case with the rest, I shall be an age in looking for it. Might I ask you to get out of bed for an instant and show me where it is."

He said with his fingers:

"Jump!"

I jumped you may be sure quick enough and was inside the dressing-room with the door locked in half a second.

"Come in, Thomas," said Frank. "Come in."

Thomas was modestly hesitating at the chamber door.

"There is some blackguard got into the house, and behind the bed there. If he makes the least resistance, I'll kill him with this poker."

At these words the bed was pushed slowly outward, and the bur-

glar, without his crape mask, and his face as pale as ashes, came out from his hiding place.

Frank knew him as a bank messenger, who had been out of his employment since the fire on suspicion of his honesty.

"Oh, sir, have pity on me," cried he, "I'm an unlucky dog! If it hadn't been for a sneeze I should have ten thousand pounds in my pocket by this time."

"Oh you came after that, did you? Well give up that life preserver you have in your pocket before we have any more conversation," said my husband coolly.

"Did your lady tell you that too? and yet I stood by her and never heard her utter a syllable," cried the villain in accents of astonishment, as he delivered up the weapon to the male servant.

"I never spoke a word," cried I through the dressing-room key-hole, for I did not care to have the man think that I had broken my oath, nor, to say the truth, was I anxious to make a deadly enemy of him in case he should be at large again."

"Then it is a judgment upon me, and it is no good to fight against it," said the miserable wretch.

"Not in the least, and we will go to the police office at once."

So off went the burglar in their custody, leaving me safe and sound after all. And now, do you not think there is some use in learning everything, even so small a thing as the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

FACTS ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB... Continued.

CCXIV. HEINSE.

Heinse established the Berlin Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in 1778 and taught them to articulate, while the Abbe de l'Epée had introduced the pantomimic principle in 1760. At present there are about thirty institutions of the kind in Germany, in all of which the mutes are taught to articulate.

CCXV. IS THIS A DEAF AND DUMB MAN?

The charge d' Affaires, at the court of Turin, a number of years ago, arrived at Genoa, and was the guest of the U. S. consul at that town. In compliance with the etiquette of the country, they called on the Governor of the town.

The Charge d'affaires approached the Governor, when he was presented, and kept *mum*: The Governor addressed him in French—the Charge was *mum*: The Governor addressed him in Italian—the Charge was still *mum*: The Governor addressed him in German—the Charge was *mummer* still. The governor turned his eyes to the consul and said to him, "Why! is this a deaf and dumb man, sir? Is he a man of straw, or was he made by a tailor? Who is he? What does he want? Please explain, sir." The Charge looked at the Governor, but the latter said that he had been troubled in this manner for five years, and that public functionaries sent abroad by our government, including the officers of our war ships and squadrons were lamentably deficient in the knowledge of any language but their own. He found it necessary to employ or send for the consul as an interpreter while he was stationed there. The consul afterwards got tired of being an interpreter, particularly as he did not happen to speak all the languages under the sun with quite as much facility as the governor thought he might do it.

CCXVI. HAPPY DEATH.

In 1853, Mr. Martin M. Hanson, a graduate of the Indiana Institution with honor to himself, was enthusiastically teaching his deaf and dumb pupils in the Louisiana Institution at Baton Rouge, when

he fell a victim to the yellow fever. With a smile of triumph enlightening his dying countenance, he exclaimed in his beautiful signs, "I go to hear and join the song of angels." He had just married an accomplished deaf mute lady.

CCXVII. A DEAF MAN AND AN ORCHESTRA.

A deaf man was invited by his physician to attend the performance of an opera, the orchestra of which was notorious for thunder and lightning crashes. At the first act, the doctor inquired of the deaf man, Do you hear? No. After the second act, Do you hear? No. But in the third act, the thunderings of the orchestra were terrific. Suddenly the deaf man cried out—I hear! I hear! His words were drowned by the noise of the music; but the doctor saw the expression of joy depicted on his countenance, and asked him—Do you hear? The deaf man made a sign in the affirmative. Bah! replied the doctor—How can that be when the orchestra is not playing? The patient was completely cured, but the doctor had become as deaf as a post.

CCXVIII. MEDICINE IN MUSIC.

There is an instance on record of David in his youth, with his harp striving by the aid of music to cure the mental derangement of Saul, which was a method of cure in those early times which seems to have been commonly resorted to. Many of the classic writers allude to the practice, some even proposing it as a certain remedy for a dislocated limb, the gout, or even the bite of a viper. The medicinal properties of music were manifold and marvellous.

For example: A fever was removed by a song, *deafness* by a trumpet, and the pestilence chased away by the harmonious lyre! That *deaf* people can hear best in a great noise is a fact, alleged by some moderns in favor of the ancient mode of removing *deafness* by the trumpet.

CCXIX. INTERMARRIAGE OF COUSINS.

The Assessor of Huron Co., Michigan, took a census of that county by which he found eleven blind, twelve *deaf and dumb*, twelve insane and twelve idiotic persons. The parents of five of these were cousins before marriage. Three of the five (two blind and one idiotic) were so afflicted from birth, and one idiotic from infancy. The fifth was deaf and dumb for a time not ascertained—probably from birth. It is probable that the number of parents so related to each other is larger, as there was no information obtained as to some of them.

CCXX. LOUDER.

A man named Louder lately went to the Post office, and putting his mouth up to the delivery box, cried out, "Louder!" The clerk, supposing the man to be *deaf* and that he was making a request of him to speak *louder* so that he could hear, asked him in a *very loud* tone the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter.

"Louder!" cried the latter.

"What name?" yelled the clerk.

"Louder!" again bawled the man who now supposed the clerk to be *deaf*.

The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might, again bawled out in the man's face the same question, "What name?" This was done in so *loud* a tone, that the echo seemed to return from the opposite side of the office.

The man started back in alarm, shouting to the top of his big lungs.

"Louder, sir, Louder! I told you Louder! My name is nothing else!"

"Oh, ah! oh, ho!" said the clerk, your name is Louder, ah! Did not think of that; here is your letter; Mr. Louder, here's your letter.



FARMER'S COLUMN FOR OCTOBER.

If you have not cut up your corn in September, do it as early in October as possible. The corn stalks will make much better fodder if cut up before the first killing frost. Cut it up while the leaves are still rather green, as soon as the corn is glazed.

In husking the corn save the best ears for seed. By saving the best of two or more ears on one stalk, you will be more apt to have two ears on a stalk next year.

If you have not sowed your winter grain in September, do it early in October. A corn stubble, if the corn was well manured, is good for wheat. The fine black manure left in the barn yard had better be spread over the ground after the wheat is plowed or harrowed in. It will protect the roots of the wheat during winter.

If you have any animals to fatten, begin it early in the season and feed them all they will eat with an appetite. It takes less food to fatten creatures while there are still warm days than it will require when cold weather comes in earnest.

Do not let your live stock of any kind get poor in the fall. An animal in good condition on the first of December will go through the winter with less food and care than one will need that begins the winter in poor condition.

J. R. B.

Prof. S. Wait, a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Jacksonville, Ill., met with a sad accident on the evening of the 27th of August. He had been out in the country about 15 miles west of that town and was on his return home on horseback driving a cow that he had purchased. The horse was galloping when he stumbled some way and fell violently down with the rider, and before he got up again, the professor, having his right foot accidentally caught in a stirrup, with a desperate effort, succeeded in extricating it. It was so badly sprained by the animal falling on it that it cannot be used for a while. Though such a dangerous circumstance as this befell him, yet fortunately he escaped otherwise unharmed.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment; "Never desert a friend when enemies gather round him. When sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure and sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its powers? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy."

—An old man picked up a half a dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen looking rascal. "Did thine have a hole in it?" asked the old gentleman.—"Yes!" replied the other smartly. "Then it is not thine," said the old gentleman; "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time."

UP AND DOWN AMONG THE STATES.

No. 11.

BY ALBERT. HASTY.

DICK AND MYSELF: WHAT WE DID, AND WHAT WE DIDN'T.

Hallo! Cap'n!" bawled out Dick, soon after the "Lady Adams" came to off the Navy Yard,—Dick had never been in Boston before.

"Hallo! Cap'n! is that the *shot tower*?" pointing to Bunker Hill Monument.

"Shot tower!" roared the Cap'n, dropping a piece of rope he was coiling as if it had been a hot potatoe, and confronting Dick.

"Shot tower? you confounded Maine greenhorn, no Sir! that is Bunker Hill Monument, Sir!"

"It is always so," said Dick with an air of greatly offended dignity; "just so soon as I open my mouth I get into hot water."

I was too far gone to make any reply.

"Dick, I guess we had better go up and see the *shot tower*."

"By all means," said Dick. In the mean time the "Lady Adams" hauled up into the wharf at Charlestown so Dick and I bade good bye to the gallant Cap'n and his crew; and to the old "Lady Adams," herself. The expressions of regret from the old salts were profuse but the "old Lady" as Dick called it "didn't seem to care a fig."

"No matter if she don't," I added.

And so we parted. Dick and I bestowed ourselves in a boarding house on Beach street, and set out to see the "*shot tower*."

Arrived on Bunker Hill, Dick was soon lost in admiration of the tapering needle of granite which seemed to reach the clouds.

"Well! Dick, what d'ye think of it?"

"By thunder! if I could get to the top," said Dick, talking aloud to himself and not noticing my interrogation.

"Certainly, we will go up then."

"Go up"—go—up," said Dick bewildered.

"Even so, *mon cher*."

Could we go up?

Yes, in half an hour, he seated.

We sat down, but Dick soon became restless.

"Bother, how shall we kill time?" he queried. I looked round and espied a book on the table in the corner.

"There is a book," said I taking up the volume.

Dick brightened up.

I read the inscription on the back, "City Directory" said I.

"A City Directory—fudge," added Dick contemptuously, and he became restless again, but took the book and amused himself with its interesting articles.

"By thunder! H—y I've enjoyed the half hour 'muchly'—I didn't know there was so much fun in a City Directory before."

"Didn't you?—all aboard—here we go!"

And we were slowly carried up toward the top of the monument. After ascending for several minutes we passed through a trap door which closed behind us, when we found ourselves at the top in a small well lighted room with four little windows, the views from which were magnificent.

A sudden exclamation from Dick who was looking out at one of the windows attracted my attention—

"Shades of Neptune, H—y,—there's the "Lady Adams" down in the harbor."

I looked, and sure enough, there she was, the old Lady. Dick sung out a good bye to her, and we soon after descended. Reach-

ing *terra firma* in safety we closed the day's adventures by an evening at the Museum.

Dick and I remained in Boston a week, during which we visited the State House, strolled over the Common, "inspected India Wharf, the City Hall, and other prominent objects; at last, after every thing had been "taken up and done for in short order," Dick became restless. All this time we two old bachs' had lived together like two doves; now, however, Dick had learned to kick and do several other things quite as elegant. I protested against all such practices very indignantly.

"Stuff! H—, you're *old maidish*—'the Hub' is a bore—this cigar is abominable—my new boots are too tight, hang them—I have had too much dinner, and confound it, I'm an old bachelor; so then let's make tracks for the Empire City."

And Dick jumped up, overset his chair, and bumped his head against the bed-post.

"Well, how about the weather—where's the almanac?" said I; "it must be a good prophet."

"Hang the almanac and the weather with it," growled Dick, rubbing his pate, "pack up duds and start instanter."

And pack up we did. Our arrangements were soon completed and we were rolling through the streets in a hack—band-box, baggage and all.

Arriving at the depot of the Boston and Providence railroad, we were informed that we should not leave till 5 1-2 o'clock. As the engine of the train was already fired up and it was 4 o'clock, Dick stepped up to the conductor and kindly inquired if he knew any reason why we should be detained so long.

"Yes," says he, pausing, as if expecting further inquiry.

"What is it then?"

"Because it is in the schedule," said he.

Dick bolted at once, dragging me after him into the gentlemen's room.

Dropping into a seat the poor fellow remained motionless and silent as if he had been stunned. At last getting aboard the train we started and were rapidly whirled along.

Nothing of note happened on this short trip. We reached Providence in safety, and were not long in bestowing ourselves aboard the cars for Bristol. An hour's pleasant ride took us to our destination and we tumbled on board the magnificent steamer "Providence" of the Bristol Line of Scund steamers, which was laying at the wharf and which was to be our Bucentaur to New York. Dick and I took a stroll over the vessel; nothing could exceed the splendor of the internal decorations.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Dick, with more than usual emphasis, "this is what I call oriental magnificence."

The entire vessel was indeed gorgeous beyond description. Dick was lost in admiration; for myself I looked at the engines with an engineer's eyes. Their finish was unsurpassed while the working was smooth and noiseless. Our trip on the sound was not, however, quite so pleasant as we anticipated. A drizzling rain fell and a thick fog obscured everything from view. On entering the narrows, however, the weather cleared up and we had some very fine views of Long Island and the adjacent shores.

The dangerous whirlpools and sunken rocks of the Hell Gate (an appropriate name, by the way,) being safely passed we found ourselves in New York harbor, with Brooklyn off the port bow. Steaming down the East River, the U. S. Navy Yard and Cob Dock were soon passed with its fleet of black and frowning vessels and long rows of heavy guns on the wharves.

Making our way along a large portion of the lower part of the city, our steamer hauled into her dock and made fast.

Jamming into the dense crowd of passengers pouring out over the gangway we reached the wharf and were warmly welcomed by the crowd of Jehu's, there assembled with—

"Have a hack, sir!"

"Take a hack, sir!"

"Hack, sir, only one and fifty!"

"Thankee," said Dick, "we can walk as we have but a little way to go and our trunks have gone by railroad."

Making our way to the Battery we boarded an omnibus and had a grand ride up Broadway and 4th avenue, getting off at 28th street, and making ourselves at home at the Washington House, being most heartily welcomed by the "irrepressible" George, the gentlemanly clerk, who "does up" the office and "mine host" the landlord. Our trip was up.

Dick said "it was well;" George, the irrepressible, said "it was well;" I said, "it was well," and let the reader say, "it was well!" Amen, so mote it be.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRUTAL PERSONALITIES.

It is a wretched perversion of sarcasm—it cannot be called wit—to level its arrows at physical defects. True wit avoids all subjects involving painful emotions. Deformities of person, or defects in some other physical matters, are never satirized by people with rightly-disciplined minds or humane feelings.

A marriage between deaf-mutes was lately alluded to in this repulsive way. The annunciation of the event was actually copied from a Philadelphia paper for the purpose of perpetrating what the punster supposed to be something funny.

Such flings are always disgusting to sensitive minds, and perverse of good taste, not to say of good morals, in readers. Who can measure the wound that may be causelessly inflicted upon persons to whom similar utterances are directly or indirectly applied?

We occasionally encounter unbecoming allusions, in bitter partisan journals, to General Butler as "Cross-eye"—to Mr. Stevens' lameness—to alleged physical defects of Mr. Sumner—to Mr. Greeley's eccentric gait or appearance—to Mr. Reverdy Johnson's blindness—and to Mr. James Gordon Bennett's general unsightliness; but it is only vulgar and resourceless partizans or foes, frenzied by resentment, who will venture to taunt an adversary with the possession of a club-foot, a hump-back, or other physical defect, over which the subject had no control, and for which he is wholly irresponsible. Taunts of this nature are inexcusable, except by way of accounting for some moral or mental deformity, of which, in most cases, men are hardly competent to judge. Of coarsest grain is the soul of him who would cull from the marriage advertisements the announcement above mentioned, for the purpose of tacking thereto an idle jest.

Many of the world's most distinguished men have been physically disfigured or deformed. In many instances, these anomalies of nature have exercised a melancholy influence upon the career and fate of the afflicted persons; and it should be tacitly a matter of commendation where men have been able to conquer the misfortune of physical deformity, and to achieve fortune or fame in spite thereof. At any rate, no generous person could be guilty of taunting a fellow-creature about imperfections resulting from birth or accident.

In his drama of "The Deformed Transformed," Lord Byron, who was born with a club-foot, has left evidence of how seriously a life may be embittered by physical derangement, and a touching comment upon the cruelty of those who would allude to a deformity in the presence of the one afflicted. Many otherwise inexplicable and inexcusable passages in the poet's career may be traced to the depressing influence of his bodily deformity upon a proud and sensitive temperament. The following extract from the opening scene of the tragedy we refer to, may serve for a corroboration of our view in this respect, and to impress more forcibly than we might be able

the propriety of the sentiments we hold upon the subject of jesting at deformities:

ACT I. SCENE I.—A. Forest.

Enter Arnold and his Mother, Bertha.

Bert.—Out, hunchback!

Arn.—

I was born so, mother!

Bert.—

Out,

Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven sons
The sole abortion!

Arn.—

Would that I had been so,

And never saw the light!

Bert.—

I would so too!

But as thou *hast*—hence, hence—and do thy best!

That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis

More high, if not so broad as that of others.

Arn.—It bears its burden; but, my heart! will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?

I love, or, at the least, I loved you; nothing

Save you, in nature, can love aught like me;

You nursed me—do not kill me!

Bert.—

Yes—I nursed thee,

Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not

If there would be another unlike thee,

That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,

And gather wood!

Arn.—

I will; but when I bring it,

Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are

So beautiful and lusty, and as free

As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me;

Our milk has been the same.

Bert.—

As is the hedgehog's,

Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam

Of the young bull, until the milkmaid find

The nipple next day sore and udder dry;

Call not thy brothers, brethren! Call me not

Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was

As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by

Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin out!

[Exit Bertha.]

Arn.—(Solus.)—

Oh mother!—She's gone, and I must do

Her bidding. Wearily, but willingly,

I would fulfill it, could I only hope

A kind word in return.

N. Y. National Examiner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Gazette.

BRATTLEBORO' v. MONTREAL.

A CONTRAST!

BY THOMAS WIDD, AN ENGLISH DEAF-MUTE.

The September number of the GAZETTE has come to hand, and in it I see a long description of the brilliant assembly at Brattleboro'—the flower of deaf-mute intelligence on this side of the Atlantic—all concentrated at Brattleboro'. What a train of meditation and congratulation crowds into one's mind when this account is perused! How sad and melancholy is the contrast to that when a knowledge of the state of the deaf and dumb of Upper Canada is obtained!

Indeed, Brattleboro' must have been highly favored during the period of the noble gathering, and the interesting description so ably reported in the GAZETTE will go forth to the world and explode the long-cherished and crazy delusion that, deaf-mutes are stumbling-blocks in the way of progress!

The united efforts of a Chamberlain, Carlin, and a host of others, backed by the DEAF-MUTE GAZETTE and its able editor, cannot fail to be of incalculable benefit to this and future generations of deaf-mutes and the names of those benefactors of suffering humanity will be handed down to posterity. Need I say more of New England deaf-mute labors, deaf-mute education and deaf-mute enterprise? I think not.

While the gratifying reflections of the meeting at Brattleboro' are still occupying my thoughts, I join a meeting of the Canadian deaf-mutes in Montreal. Oh, benighted Montreal! What a slide back into the dark ages! Here Popery and Ignorance go arm in arm, and ferret out every plan of enlightenment among the deaf and dumb, and cast them into utter darkness.

In spite of the labors of two deaf and dumb schools and a gathering of adults for religious instruction, all of about twenty years standing, progress has gone a downward course into feudal times. None of the deaf-mutes here dare lift a finger but to touch their hats to passing priests. None dare read the Bible for fear of being doomed for ages in Purgatory—none dare subscribe to the GAZETTE! Canada contributes to Mission Societies to send the gospel to the heathen in foreign parts, but it will not own that it has heathens in its own Dominion.

Hard and uncontrovertible facts fail to convince the public here of the pernicious doctrines of the Church of Rome. The government still contributes \$1500 a year to pay papal teachers to inculcate the doctrine of murder, robbery, delusion and hypocrisy, among the poor deaf and dumb. There are no missionaries from the States willing to cross the lines to help in the work of ameliorating our benighted brethren. Will none of the brilliant orators who spoke at Brattleboro' speak a word for Canada?

For the Gazette

FRIEND PACKARD:—Being a subscriber and constant reader of your valuable little GAZETTE, I cannot but feel an interest in its writings. I notice you invite correspondence from such as feel disposed to contribute to its pages.

Though but poorly qualified for the task, still I would make a few remarks which shall at least have the merit of truth in them. I have a brother who so far as we know was born deaf—not wholly—but as deaf as some so-called mutes I have seen. This brother when quite young would imitate words by watching the lips of those about him; he seemed almost constantly employed that way, his eyes acquiring thereby a keen and expressive look. Father soon saw that something different from the usual course would have to be pursued with his little son or after all he would remain but little better than a mute. He (father) seemed from the first to be impressed with the idea that reading language from the lips could be rendered available. I can well remember how he was opposed and fairly ridiculed for expressing such "outlandish opinions," nevertheless he did not get discouraged, but would take the little fellow on his knee several times through the day and instruct him in speaking, reading, etc., and all from the motion of the lips, the child seldom hearing but little if any sound.

One can scarcely imagine the patience and perseverance it required to keep him from constantly falling behind even the most ordinary child of his age blessed with their hearing. Happily, father was endowed with an uncommon share of both patience and perseverance, and having besides the welfare of his little son at heart there could be with him no such word as fail, and how richly the result has repaid him for all his extra time and trouble.

Enoch Whipple, that is his name, now often passes for a hearing man among strangers, there being but a few, even the best educated in his place who can match him for information and general intelligence.

I will state one fact for demonstration. Last fall there came to my house two ladies, sisters, one of which Miss B. had not known my brother, the other was Miss C. being some acquainted with him;

said Miss B. to me, I have come to you to inquire whether it was your deaf brother who skinned a hog for us a few days ago, I told her it was; well said she, I am more than astonished for as observing as I am, I conversed with him an hour without a thought but that I was conversing with a hearing man; I knew she continued, that you had a deaf brother but little I imagined him to be the one. Mrs. C. then said to me, I have some acquaintance with your brother and could see how he managed the conversation with my sister, supposing she knew of his infirmity I said nothing until he was gone, since which I have been entirely unable to convince her that Mr. Whipple couldn't hear just as well as any other person.

Father seems to have had a peculiar gift for teaching the dumb to speak, he has at different times had several mutes under his care for the purpose of teaching them articulation.

One Charles West, age I think twenty years, came to him a mute, though upon trial it was found he could hear better than my brother. This young man staid with him one hundred days, and in the time he learned to converse quite readily, could read very well too. I presume he would have staid longer hadn't it been that his family was poor and required his help at home; I happened to go on a brief visit to my father's while Charlie was there and I am sure it was a marvel to see how he improved while I staid; he seemed to have no desire to hear any sound but would say "See mouth, father, see mouth," calling him father.

Charlie has sent several letters to father since he went away, which were quite well written, considering all. One from his mother stated that she knew not how to be thankful enough for what father had accomplished for her poor unfortunate boy, that he had dropped the sign language altogether, etc.

I omitted to mention that my brother, when six or seven years old commenced to stutter in a dreadful manner. I can hardly say how this was managed, however, father soon broke it all up so that he now has not the least appearance of a stammer in his speech. I am here reminded of the case of a little girl who came to father's school, (my father though he never attended school a day as a scholar has taught several terms) she was such a stutterer that it was nearly impossible for her to utter a sentence so as to be understood, her former teacher having allowed the other scholars to laugh at her whenever she blundered, so as he said, to break up the foolish habit, it had the effect however of embarrassing her to such a degree, that on the whole she was nearly speechless. Father on the other hand allowed no laughing or disorder while she recited her lessons, but calling her to him soon had her divested of all embarrassment, and as soon as she could comprehend that she shouldn't be ridiculed by any one that sometime she should be able to converse and read as well as the others, she commenced to drop her stammering and to learn rapidly, she is now a woman of forty and has not impediment enough in her speech to cause her any trouble at all. She often says "Uncle Jonathan Whipple was the best friend I ever had, and had it not been for him I shudder to think where I should have been now." I will here close my remarks leaving the rest for abler pens to discuss, merely saying that in my opinion too much cannot be said with regard to teaching the use of the tongue over that of signs for the deaf, provided there be nothing wanting except the organ of hearing, for if one mute can be made to speak, why not another of the same capacity?

Yours for the unfortunate,

MARY.

—Mr. Ames' bust of Gen. Grant is said to be a *speaking* likeness. Hadn't the republicans better withdraw the deaf and dumb institution and rely upon the bust.

For the Gazette.

Each time the *Gazette* comes I find more and more interesting matter in its well-filled pages; only wish it was in the hand of every educated deaf-mute in the country. I am glad to see how much well-deserved encouragement you receive from friends and correspondents, it must indeed be cheering, and help you through amazingly. You have spared no pains to make the paper as popular and as entertaining as to win the hearty admiration and disinterestedness of your many readers, both here and across the deep, blue waters of the Atlantic. I only hope the paper may continue its marked success, for it is one worth possessing and reading, especially to *deaf-mutes*. And now, Mr. Editor, please permit me to say something about a gentleman with whom I very recently became acquainted, supposing, perhaps, it may interest, at least, some of your readers. You may have heard of him before. I allude to Mr. Henry G. Stephens, (known some few years ago as the "New York Occasional for the Boston Press.") Well, he has had some experience of ocean and camp life; that is, he has been a sailor and soldier; has been pretty well round the world, and thereby gained some knowledge of its ways and doings. Well, while in the service of his country, he contracted a disease which brought on deafness, and now he is not only entirely deaf, but partially blind. I do not mention him here as an object of charity; no, I only want your readers to see how and what a deaf and half blind man can do to support himself and wife. To be short, he keeps a very neat and orderly confectionary stand on the corner of Broadway and Park Place he can be seen at his post every fair day, and usually has a good many customers. His sole object is not to sell such sweet stuffs; no, he has another object in view. Can you guess what it is? I think not. Let it be known among your readers that he writes, now and then, short articles for one of our evening papers. While on duty he keeps an observant eye upon what goes on around. I wish your subscribers could read his "Fight With Gin;" I dare say his remarks might be instructive and profitable. He is both courteous and gentlemanly in his manner, and attentive to his customers. I have read several of his articles which appeared in the columns of the *Evening Mail* last spring. He is a strong temperance man, and has done and is still doing all he can for its cause. Quite a lengthy sketch of his life-history was in the same paper last winter. Perhaps you would like to read it; if so, I will try and enclose it here. Please keep it.

L.

Old Westbury, L. I., Aug. 16th, 1868.

Philo W. Packard—I regret to say that on the 9th, Jacob Valentine, a deaf and dumb man residing at Springfield, L. I., was killed while walking upon the track of the South side Railroad. He was struck by the engine and instantly killed. No blame is attached to the Railroad company. I do not know who he is or from what school he graduated.

H.

N. Y. Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Sept. 7th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE GAZETTE:—

The exercises of this institution commenced Thursday, the 3d inst., with about one-third pupils, and nearly all of the teachers present, but before night there were 271 present, and at this time there are 335. The prospect is that there will be more than there were last year, for new applications are coming in every day.

The services of two gentlemen and one lady teachers have been secured during the vacation, and more would be acceptable, for the number of pupils will probably reach 475, and we have only twenty

teachers, eight speaking, and the others deaf or semi-mutes. Nearly fifty new pupils have entered since the commencement of the term, and more will come without doubt.

The subject of teaching articulation occupies attention, as there are many of the pupils to whom it can profitably be taught, and hopes are entertained that a suitable person may be found to devote his whole time to teaching articulation. For attention to diseases of the ear, a medical man is desirable.

The circumstances of the institution are favorable, and under the new and intelligent principal, there is reasonable prospect of success. A new building for shops is to be erected,—the portico and cupola of the main building will soon be completed.

The building will present not only a beautiful and attractive, but a valuable home for the deaf and dumb of the state of New York.

*

For the Gazette.

JOHN SMITH.

PRINCIPALS OF MUTE SCHOOLS.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.—St. Matthew, Chap. vii: 20.

JOHN SMITH read an article in the NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE GAZETTE for March, signed "Senex," setting forth the early associations of the writer's school life. "Bless Senex," said he, "for recalling to mind the names and services of the principals of mute schools on the Western continent. One man stands out from this crowd of teachers the most noticeable elevation in devotion to the deaf-dumb from Dr. Gallaudet, Prof. Jacobs, namely, Lewis Weld. He was called on to succeed Prof. Clerc as principal of the Philadelphia Institution, and he proved a most splendid officer."

"Happy and privileged the school beyond the measure of Hartford privilege even," continued my friend, "which is managed by so able and devoted a teacher. Happy especially if new schools either recently established or soon to be established, shall be directed by the like of Mr. Weld. Happy above almost all, the principal whose memory is enshrined in the affections of his pupils for all time to come. Mr. Weld possessed the rare merit of being looked up to as a father both by friend and foe; *foe* I say, in the sense of one who condemns his prejudices—every one has one's prejudices. Even the worst of the class speak of him as being the best friend they had on the face of the earth, 'saving and excepting' the Gallaudet folks."

Mr. Weld has been buried many years, yet his name is still fresh in the memory of every one who attended his instructions. I remember seeing in the streets of Philadelphia a group of educated deaf-mutes, former pupils of his, discussing his merits as a teacher in as lively a strain as if their hearts sang a hymn of praise.

To Mr. Weld belongs the honor of having educated the first born-mute poet perhaps in the world; and that poet, too, is pronounced on all sides to be the "most gifted living deaf-mute" of the day. And he too it was who instructed an orphan who, after leaving school, rose to be the most eminent lithographic engraver in America. His class-mate, at present assistant teacher in the Philadelphia Institution, is about to publish, by subscription, a biographical sketch of that artist. In short, Mr. Weld educated, I think, the most remarkable (mentally and morally) deaf-mutes the Western world ever saw. And more strange still, when he commenced the work of instruction, he had a great many difficulties to overcome, viz: the total lack of school apparatus necessary to facilitate the mental progress of the pupils, the want of suitable books for the pupils, inexperienced teachers, &c. He left no stone unturned to give the deaf-dumb employment and an

opportunity to become intelligent and self-sustaining citizens. His death is an irreparable loss to the cause of deaf-dumb education.

The name of Mr. Jacobs, the principal of the Kentucky Institution, is precious, and has an influence upon the work he is engaged in, which will continue to be felt for a long period yet to come. John Smith says that from what he has seen of the published writings of several graduates of the Kentucky Institution, it would seem that his plan of education is in every way adapted to the best interests of the deaf-dumb. "I have it from the lips (?) of Mr. Hearn, of the *Southern Journal of Education*," said John Smith, "that his publisher is a graduate of the Kentucky Institution, and is (to use his own words) 'a young gentleman of excellent literary attainments.' The publisher or editor, I have no means of knowing which of the Sturgis, Mo. *Independent*, is a graduate of said school. I have told you that the defunct *Messenger* was edited, as we understand the term, by a graduate of the same school. Too many newspapers are stupid things, edited (so called) by stupid men, but the *Messenger* forms an honorable exception to the general rule. To make a good paper, requires rare gifts of mind."

Prof. Jacobs is the greatest teacher of deaf-mutes now living; he has published many pieces on the subject of mute instruction, which, are marked by beauty of language and originality of thought. He is a great man. He pays both hearing and deaf teachers the same salary; no more and no less. John Smith wishes he could say the like of all the other principals of such schools; "but" said he the other day, "I very much regret my inability to say so pleasant a thing." "Prof. Jacobs is the most beautiful writer among the teachers, and is a prodigy of learning, compared with them; but, look you, he pays his teachers on equal terms without regard to condition. Such equal pay is a green spot in the memory of his former pupils, a cherished evidence of christian sympathy and love. He will live in story and in song."

They are huge piles of building, those mute schools—but not a single scholar have they produced since their establishment. I hear that the Legislature of Iowa, at its last session, appropriated \$125,000 in addition to the sum of \$375,000 to be raised by private subscription, for the erection of suitable buildings for the deaf and dumb. The Legislature of Ohio appropriated \$300,000 for a similar purpose, and the mammoth building is approaching completion. The New York Institution is said to be the largest structure of the same kind in the world, excepting that in London. I do honestly believe that there never existed a set of fools capable of committing such a stupid blunder. What use is there in putting up such immense structures, I wonder? Why not build more than one school within the limits of a single state?

John Smith, while principal of one of the Western Institutions, got a letter directed to the President of the Board of Directors of his Institution, and written by a speaking teacher up North, who begged to be appointed principal in his stead. My friend enjoyed a hearty laugh over this prayer of the teacher, he says, and showed his letter to divers and sundry persons, who laughed more or less according to their bumps of mirthfulness. Another speaking teacher wrote five or six letters to the Directors of the Institution of which John Smith was the head, praying to be appointed principal. The same teacher went West a few years ago, and tried to secure the establishment of a mute school during the session of the Legislature, but he was not wanted. He, yes the speaking teacher, turned up in the South, trying to be principal of a similar school but he was not wanted. "My successor, a worthy man," said John Smith, laughing, "resigned, owing to the same difficulties that necessitated my resign-

ation. The instant he left, the aforesaid teacher was appointed principal—not by the Directors, but by the steward, himself an illiterate and ill-mannered man."

I must confess to a feeling of contempt for those principles of mute schools who do nothing to bring their pupils into public notice, as Messrs. Gallaudet, Peet and Jacobs have done. These sluggards ought to be thrown overboard in double quick. I have no desire to become acquainted with them: I hold them to be worse than useless. Too many speaking teachers think that as principals they *would* or *could* work wonders for the schools. Nothing but actual experience can convince them to the contrary.

John Smith expresses the opinion that the annual reports of the National Deaf-Mute College are finished performances, worthy of Horace Mann. "Mr. Gallaudet," says he, "is a writer of more than ordinary ability. He is not one of the half-witted many who have a pruriency of fame well earned. Mr. Jacobs writes elegantly, and his style is a model for precision. THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

ROMANISM IN MONTREAL.

A deaf-mute recently visited Montreal, and spending a Sabbath there, he went to the deaf-mute chapel, where the services were conducted by a Catholic priest. He gives to the *Witness* the following report of what transpired in the Chapel:—

In the towns and cities of every civilized country, it is well known that the deaf and dumb seek out others of their class for associates; and, in large cities, form little colonies like foreigners. On my arrival in Montreal, true to my class, I went in quest of my fellow-creatures in misfortune, hoping thereby to make my condition less dreary. Sauntering one day along the wharf, I accidentally met one of the deaf and dumb of Montreal, who, by signs and gestures, told me that many deaf and dumb resided in Montreal, and with his finger traced "Margaret Street" on the ground, and made me understand that the "chapel" was to be found in that street, where the religious services are conducted.

Meeting a policeman in St. Antoine Street, I inquired for instructions how to find the "deaf and dumb chapel." The policeman took me to the Bishop's Palace, and there left me. A priest condescended to take me to the right place.

What is designated the "Dumb Man's Chapel," is a room in the public school-house in Margaret Street, Montreal, Canada. The school-desks and forms are used by the deaf and dumb for seats. A high desk in one end constitutes the preacher's (who is a deaf-mute teacher at the Montreal deaf and dumb school) pulpit. A black-board stands on one side, and a few common school-maps grace the walls.

On entering this room, I found about a dozen deaf and dumb and their teacher assembled—all standing, and about to commence the service. Half-a-dozen hands passed from ear to mouth, and pointed to me, which was to say, "Are you deaf and dumb?" To this I nodded in the affirmative, and a seat was pointed to me, where I had a good view of all in the room.

The service commenced with prayer—touching various parts of the chest, shoulders, and forehead, and pointing upwards—which did not last two minutes. After this, all but the teacher resumed their seats.

CHINIQUEY.

The teacher—who wore large, blue glasses over his nose, and was attired as a priest—opened his book, and spelled the name of "Chiniquy" several times to impress it on his audience's mind—"C-h-i-n-

i-q-u-y." The teacher at last appeared satisfied that they knew it, and shook his head wofully, and described the man's character, in *signs*, which said: "He bad man; immoral—has many illegitimate children. Turned out of the holy Church of Rome for drunken and immoral conduct. Became a Protestant." (Here the deaf and dumb manifested their disgust and indignation by angry gestures, stamping on the floor, and flourishing of arms.)

After a minute or two, the intelligent congregation were in order, and ready for another "act." The teacher rubbed his hands, looked at his book, pretended to read for a moment, and then spelled on his fingers, slowly,

"A MIRACLE IN MONTREAL!"

This he repeated as before, and the poor deaf-mutes showed their joy and anxiety to know all about it by clapping of hands, and a smile of approbation played on the teacher's face as he said, in *signs and gestures*:—"Recently, in Montreal—hard times—severe winter—bread all gone—many dying of hunger—nuns in convent ask priest to collect funds to buy bread—priest says, 'Plenty of bread in convent.' The nuns go in search; find none. They come again to the priest, and tell him so. Priest swears there are twenty-five loaves in a cupboard, and sends them again to search, and follows—kisses the cross, and prays to holy Marie. The nuns open cupboard, and, lo! they find twenty-five loaves!"

Thundering applause, and gestures of the most fanatical character, and stamping followed this piece of deception. The teacher waited till order was again restored, then he told them that Protestants cannot work miracles because they are wicked, and their religion is false. The deaf-mutes became restless and indignant; some shook their fists at imaginary Protestants. The next piece was

"MURDER BY PROTESTANTS—THE WAFER!"

"A holy priest was recently murdered and robbed of money collected for charitable purposes, near Montreal. Murderers Protestants. Priest's body found next day—brilliant phenomena over the body—as bright as the sun. People run for the nearest priest. Phenomena caused by *wafers* in priest's pocket! The body was removed—never decomposed—still beautiful and perfect to this day!" (Here the teacher was interrupted by the indignant congregation, who stamped and raged, and vowed vengeance on Protestants, which made me think of my own safety.)

The next hit was

"ANOTHER MIRACLE!"

"Little girl goes for water—falls into the well, well very deep—she floats on the water, and prevented from drowning by the scapulary which she carried in her bosom. Remained in the well all night and half of following day. A priest dreams of her perilous situation, and comes to rescue her." The teacher showed them the scapulary, on which they looked with awe and reverence, and rubbed their hands with pleasure.

The next anecdote was

"GARIBALDI PLOTS TO MURDER A PRIEST!"

"Garibaldi pretends to be ill. Sends for a priest. The priest found Garibaldi in bed, with a dagger concealed between the sheets. The priest raised his cross and prayed. Garibaldi, struck with remorse, trembled, and confesses his design!" The clever teacher became excited in his manner, and signed so incoherently, so to speak, that I was unable to catch the rest of this anecdote, which the world may not have heard of before. He concluded, however, with a blow of his fist on the desk, and exclaimed with his fingers, "*Vive le Catholique!*" which was followed by a repetition of stamping and fanatical gestures by the congregation.

The next subject of discussion was characteristic.—

"LUTHER'S DEATH."

After a long history of Luther, giving many false and scandalous stories of his career—declaring that he wrote the Protestant Bible, and that he was the founder of the Protestant faith—he began to describe the Reformer's horrible end, to this effect:—"Luther was preaching against the Pope and the Church of Rome, when he was seized by *invisible devils*, taken ill, and carried home. His throat began to swell to such an alarming extent, that he was given up for lost. His body was covered with vermin, sores, and ulcers: and he died at last, after the most intense agony and suffering!"

Here I could bear it no longer, and got up and told the teacher that he was in error, and asked him why he did not preach the Gospel and Christ crucified. This took all by surprise, and the teacher (who is Mr. Young, of the Roman Catholic Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Mile End, Montreal), turning round, said in *signs*,

"Are you a Protestant?"

"Yes, I am," I replied.

He wrung his hands, pulled his hair, and put on a most despairing look, truly appalling to behold. The deaf-mutes were impatient to know what had passed between me and their instructor, and interrupted him. He told them that I was a heretic—a Protestant. This caused them to shrink from me, and uneasiness and scornful attitudes took the place of their enthusiasm. Mr. Young then described to me the horrors of purgatory and hell, gnashing his teeth and gesticulating painfully. He said, imploringly,

"My friend, you are lost! you are lost!"

"No, I hope not; but I believe you are," I said.

"Protestantism is a false religion. It is modern, unsound, and heretic," he continued unheeding me. "The Catholic Church was founded thousands of years before Protestant sects were in existence."

"Have you a Bible here?" I said, thinking it useless to argue the point with him.

The mention of a Bible appeared to put a stop to the discussion, for the teacher took out his watch, and the intelligent company, understanding the signal, arose, and a short prayer, similar to that at the commencement, was "signed," and they dispersed, carefully avoiding my company.

Extract of an imaginary dialogue, actually and in fact, composed after an instruction of ten months, by Miss. Bailey, a young lady of twenty-two years of age, who, when she first came under instruction, could not construct a sentence.—Joe, the Jersey Mute, Little Rock, Ark.

Ah! Mr. W—, I am glad to see you.

Matilda, dear, I appreciate your expression of joy, knowing as I do, that nature has formed you for a lady.

Am I a lady? I hope you are a gentleman.

I am a gentleman, you know; for I smoke and drink as all gentlemen do.

I cannot have anything to do with a thing in human shape who smokes and drinks.

You are too good, certainly, for a world lying in sin. I am of the earth, earthy: I own it.

I wish to live well and die well; for life here below is short. I also wish *you* to live well and die well.

All right, Matilda. Man is born of a woman, and full of trouble. Eve—beautiful Eve spoiled poor Adam, you know.

We are cast down, but not destroyed, for, says the Bible, "since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead."



In Keokuk, Iowa, on the 4th of July, 1868, at half past four o'clock in the morning, by Rev. J. Haynes, George W. Hollingworth (Penn. Institution) to Miss Ann Slocum (hearing). Both are residents of Keokuk, Iowa.



In Lacon, Illinois, July 3d, 1868, Clara Mintie, only daughter of James A. and Susan Edwards, of heart disease. Aged 3 years, 9 months and 20 days.

In Chelsea, Mass., Aug. 18th, 1868, Lizzie S., daughter of Geo. B. and Susan Keniston, of dysentery. Aged 2 mos., 10 days.

OBITUARY.

Sarah Morrison died at her residence in Peterborough, N. H., Sept. 15th, 1868, aged 69.

She was the daughter of Samuel Morrison who died in 1837, and one of four deaf-mutes of the same family. Two of them had deceased before her, viz: the youngest who died at 16 years of age, and the eldest who died more recently in 1854. One sister of the family only survives.

Miss Morrison, with her two sisters, were among the earliest pupils of American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. They continued there six years. They were greatly benefitted by this training—it opened a new world to them—in putting them in ready communication with more persons and things than ever before. Previously, they could only communicate with those who knew their particular signs—and all their own contrivance. But with the manual alphabet and with signs that were common to all deaf-mutes, their intercourse with the world was greatly enlarged, and they were able, at once, to converse with any one who would learn their alphabet or with any one by writing, who did not know it, and this has proved a great source of convenience and comfort to them. It is singular with what propriety and clearness they could express themselves, and what corrections they uniformly exhibited in their writing and spelling. No one could fully comprehend the great blessing, that education at the asylum conferred upon these hitherto isolated beings.

It is no less opened to their vision the clear conception of a God and the means of salvation by Jesus Christ, but also revealed the world and gave them a place and position in society. This training added much to the happiness and usefulness of Miss Morrison. She lived almost a new life. She enjoyed society vastly more—took great pleasure in conversing with her friends, and in reading the Scriptures and books of simple construction.

She was accustomed to read beside the above, the "Liberal Christian" to which she was a subscriber, and also the Boston Daily Journal.

She had a long sickness; her case was an enlargement of the heart. She was not often confined to the house, but was long suffering with short-breathing, dizziness, and occasionally with acute pain. Her end was hastened by a severe bowel complaint, that soon exhausted what little strength she had left. When she was taken sick she had just

returned from attending a convention of deaf-mutes in Brattleboro', Vt., which she enjoyed exceedingly, and which she thought had been no injury to her.

She had often during her long sickness said that she could not live long, or she expressed it thus "I will die," and to one person she said, she should not live through this summer.

I think she had death constantly before her eyes, and all without terror or fear. She often said to me in her sufferings, that she could not live; I encouraged her, and soon the paroxysms would pass off, and she would for a while appear comfortable. But it was a weary life. As her end approached she appeared singularly calm and resigned and in the perfect possession of all her faculties, and so passed away with a serene beauty that robs death of all of its terrors. Only a few minutes before she expired she spelt the word "dying" with her fingers. "A" was her last manifestation. *

The danger that a deaf-mute couple may have mute children is not great.

At a deaf mute convention, lately, there were recorded 71 cases of marriage between deaf-mutes, and nine cases of marriage of deaf mutes to hearing persons. The former averaged about two children to a marriage, and of these 140 children only six were deaf-mutes. The latter, those in which one of the parties could hear, had an average of about five children to two marriages, none of whom were deaf and dumb.

INFLUENCE.—Some persons fall discouraged on the highway of life because they cannot be this or that eminent person. Why not be willing to be *themselves*? No person who ever has, or ever will live, is without influence. Why not make the most of that?

Since you cannot grasp that which you wish, why let that what you have slip through your fingers? No person in the world is exactly like you. You have your own faults, but you have also your own excellences individual to yourself. Let them be seen. Because you are not a poet, should you not be a good merchant? Because you cannot go to college, should you therefore forswear the alphabet? Because you cannot build a palace, should you not rejoice in your own humble roof, and that because it is your own? Will not the sun also shine into your windows, if you do not obstinately persist in shutting it out? If you cannot have a whole hot-house full of flowers, may you not have one sweet rose?

The City Hall Dining Rooms,

C. D. & I. H. PRESNO, Proprietors.

is the most commodious, neatest and best place in BOSTON for Ladies and Gentlemen to dine.

The nicest the market affords served at all hours.

OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All communications for the GAZETTE, and all subscriptions should be sent to PHILIP W. PACKARD, Editor and Proprietor. A list of our duly authorized agents can be found on our first page. We shall not be responsible for money sent to any other than ourselves or our agents, whose names we shall announce in our columns from time to time for the information of our subscribers.

☞ A snake was found inside a watermelon in Tennessee recently.